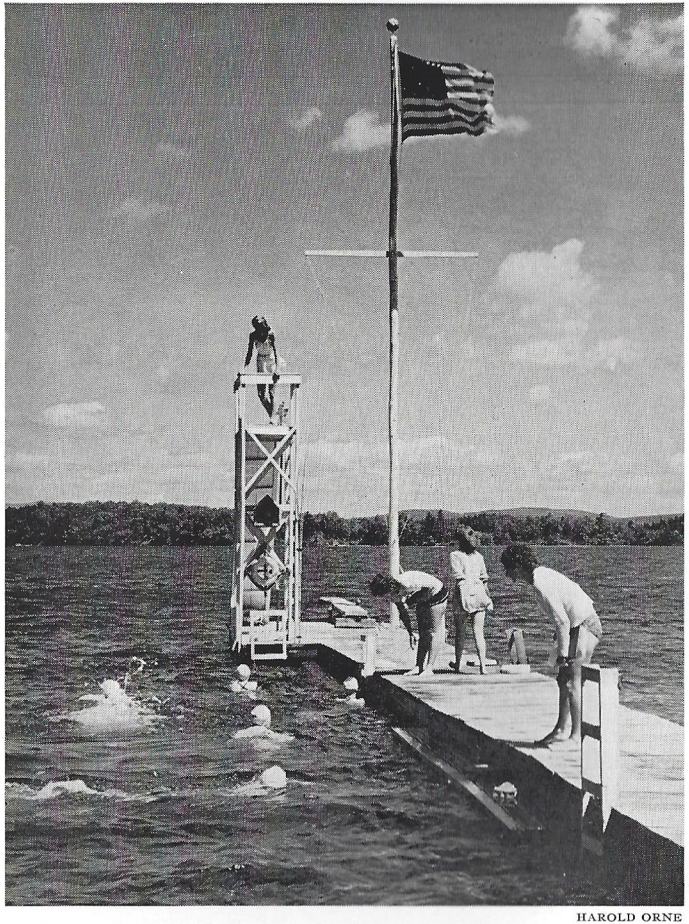
THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUBADOUR

May 1943



HAROLD ORNE

Swimming instructions are a part of the regular program at New Hampshire summer camps. A list of these camps and a booklet sent on request

The New Hampshire Troubadour

COMES TO YOU EVERY MONTH SINGING THE PRAISES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, A STATE WHOSE BEAUTY AND OPPORTUNITIES SHOULD TEMPT YOU TO COME AND SHARE THOSE GOOD THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE HERE SO DELIGHTFUL. IT IS SENT TO YOU BY THE STATE PLANNING AND DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE. SUBSCRIPTION: 50 CENTS A YEAR

DONALD TUTTLE, EDITOR

VOLUME XIII | May, 1943 | NUMBER 2

VOICES OF MAY

by Averil Esten

SWEET, tiny, trilling voices of other Mays, echoing in memory, have lured me on, until this May finds me in a wee cabin on the edge of a hundred-acre tract of forest skirting the banks of the Contoocook River, in New Hampshire. There are rolling hills and open fields across the river, and long winding roads with side logging-lanes, inviting exploration into the retreats of ovenbirds and thrush. Sharp turns in the roads reveal unexpected panoramas of river and distant mountains, and to make the New Hampshire pictures complete, a covered bridge crosses the stream at the foot of a steep hill.

An early morning reconnaissance walk in the forest revealed to me that every foot of this ground has been known and loved by one who no doubt has gained an affection for woods by frequenting the deep forests of Europe during long visits in boyhood days. Trails have been blazed through glade and bog, and rustic benches are placed in spots where Nature has given a particularly artistic

touch. On trees are signs with arrows designating the direction: To the Alpine Path and Observation Road; To the Woodland Road; To the Glade; Trail Leading to Bog Road; To Concord; Reynard's Inn; Hunters' Path; Home.

Could a bird lover in early May find in this universe a locality better suited to observation and study?

Each morning, as soon as the dawn chorus starts, I rather grudgingly spend a little time with daily duties, and then, with field glasses, bird guide and notebook in hand, I take the road or lane where the first voice calls. It may be along the Upper Road where, in a clump of white pines a wheezy but musical note assures me that, if I'm patient enough, I shall see a Black-throated Green Warbler. And what a streamlined beauty he is, as he momentarily darts out from the thick branches! Then from the Woodland Path comes the husky, drawly "zur, zur, I'm lazy" of the Black-throated Blue Warbler, and the thin, wiry song of little Black and White Creeper.

On days when the open road calls, there's always little Mr. Chewink inviting me to "Come and get your tea," from the top of a tall tree. And there's no mistaking the sociability of Mrs. Chestnut-sided Warbler. "I wish to meet Miss Beecher," she calls out insistently from the thicket back of a stone wall.

Yesterday I surprised an excitable pair of Vireos in the tall elms near a deserted homestead. They greeted me with a startlingly energetic song, designed no doubt to cover their embarrassment at my sudden intrusion. The imitative notes of the Chewink and the Scarlet Tanager and the scolding meow of a Catbird left me in a state of superinduced bewilderment as to their identity, until I consulted my bird book and found that Vireos have a flair for mimicry.

From my porch I am witnessing the colorful courtship of a pair of Baltimore Orioles. Across the river the female flings a modest little note or two, which the male, a flaming orange-breasted beauty, answers with a serenade of "show-off" flourishes, some

C. G. MILNE

"Easy does it." An ox-taxi at Dixville Notch

whimsical, some comical, some affectionate, but all to make a great impression on his lovely lady. No dashing cavalier ever wooed with more intense romantic tactics.

At evening, when the sun sets, an impressive silence settles down in the woods, and Nature sets the stage for her solo performer. A true artist waits for a hush to fall upon his audience before he begins. As tiny twitters die away, up from backstage in the swamp comes the ringing, ever thrilling notes of the Hermit Thrush, — a pure, fluted note, held long enough to give a calm, meditative effect, and then two or three higher notes, given with a tremolo effect in full mezzo-soprano.

The month is drawing near to its close. It is as if I have been listening to a prolonged symphonic composition, and my ears, becoming more and more sensitive from being constantly attuned to listen, are detecting the pattern of the composition, the rhythm, repetition, introduction of new sounds, variation in mood and theme. There is song at dawn, increasing in volume with the rising sun, quiet at midday, song at evening, silence at sunset, solo performance of the thrush, twitter of sleepy birds, silence, night calls of owl and whippoorwill, silence, and then again, — song at dawn, — repeating itself from day to day, with increasing volume as new voices join, and with variations brought in by moods of storm, shadow and sunshine.

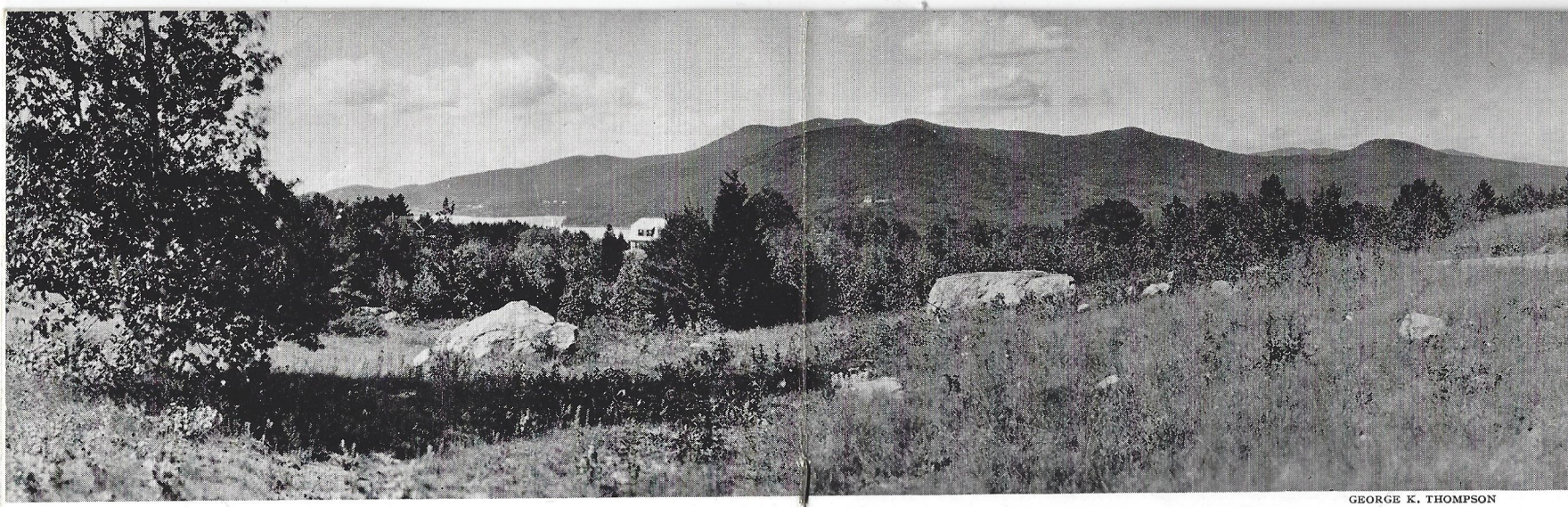
When night falls, and there is only the occasional twitter of a sleepy bird from the trees around my porch, it is time for me to sum up the day's events, to make sure that these precious close-ups of Nature are stored away in memory, and perhaps to draw a parable or two from the beauty, peace, and simplicity of my surroundings, to use in times of strain and stress.

What of these voices? We hear them only as we love them. Always they lead us up the lanes and trails of beauty. I follow the elusive Ovenbird's call, and find myself in the secluded cloister of the Painted Trillium. I trace the whir of Partridge wings to the spruces near the brook, and discover myriads of pearly-white violets imbedded in bright green moss. A fiery-throated Blackburnian Warbler leads me to the thick hemlock woods where Ladies' Slippers grow. I level my glasses to get a view of the White-throated Sparrow singing in a thicket, and sweetness all around me indicates that I am walking on a carpet of Arbutus. Come! Come! Come with me! To see! To see! On and on through mazes of wooded lanes they lead, always away from the sordid and commonplace, on to a thousand other Mays, and to the joy and beauty of an eternal spring.

TESTAMENT

by Frederick W. Branch

My son and I planted some trees today,
Apple and peach and pear.
All through a sunwashed afternoon in May
We worked together there.
Now they march primly up the western slope
Where swift-winged swallows fly,
Shadowy slips of courage, faith and hope
Under the twilight sky.
The patient soil will take them to its heart,
Unhurried, deep and still,
And every year will leave a living part
In our trees on the hill.
And when, on some far off October day
He picks the fruit they bear,
He will recall how, on this day in May
We planted his trees there.



GEORGE K. THOMPSON

Dan Hole Pond and Ossipee Range from Roland Park, Ossipee

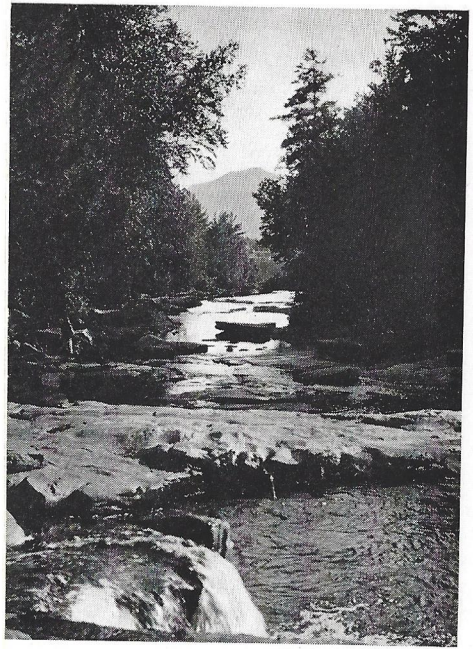
MEMORIES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

by George K. Thompson

WHEN the miracle of beauty creeps over the earth again and the promises of spring are fulfilled in the lush green of summer, our hearts are drawn back to the mountains of New Hampshire. The spot that is the magnet of our dreams is a hill near Mountainview overlooking the two Dan Hole Ponds.

Here, at Roland Park, my family and I vacationed for many years. The inspiring view that was ours is something no war can destroy. The entire Ossipee range swept about us in a semicircle, bulwarked on the north by Chocorua's loved peak and Mount Washington's majesty. From the calm blue of Lake Ossipee we could look almost across the state to the sparkle of the sun on Lake Winnipesaukee. My children were wont to climb the tallest pine tree from which, perchance, they might add one more peak to their vista. Today my son sees from a plane wider horizons than he ever dreamed of as a boy. Yet he writes from England that, when this war is over, he hopes to come back to that loved view in New Hampshire and watch the sun set behind the Ossipees. Not even war can blot out the memories of the lengthening shadows across the lakes, the fall of eventide with its star-lit calm, and the far, plaintive call of the whippoorwill.

Many of us cannot now return to New Hampshire even for a few days but the time is coming when a host of mountain lovers will be trekking back to familiar scenes and the song upon their lips will be, America the Beautiful.



MARION HOWARD

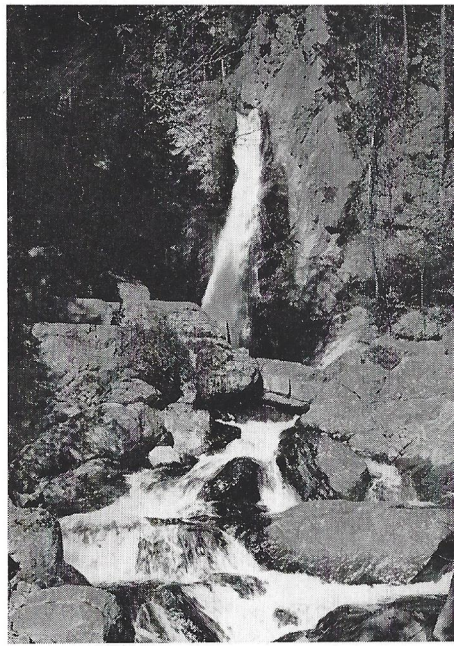
Wildcat Brook, Jackson

THE BROOK

By Mrs. Rollo Potter

WATCHING the Brook this morning in early Spring, it seems to me that it is lingering in its mad, joyous rush usually seen at this time of year, when melting snows have swollen it to twice its normal size. It seems to be waiting, lingering, watching — for what?

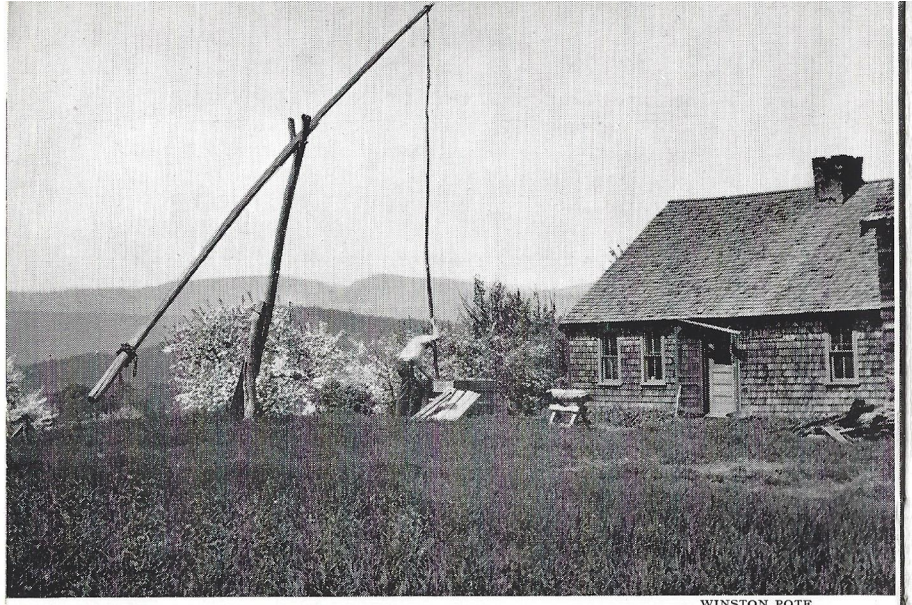
As I sit and ponder the question that keeps recurring, I wonder if the Brook, — all brooks, — isn't waiting for the usual rush of footsteps along its banks in early Spring? To be sure the small boys are there with hook and line; happy, carefree children — eager to catch the first trout; but something is missing. Can you, Little Brook, be missing the hundreds of bigger boys who annually flocked to your banks with rod and creel to go trouting, wondering where they are today? Those boys who in early Spring always obeyed the urge to wander up and down your banks, breathing the warm scent of damp earth, the sweet elusive scent of the white violet and arbutus, stopping to pick the spicy leaves of the checkerberry, as they rambled along to each pool they knew so well, dropping in the hook for the trout that should be there. Are you wondering where they are, Little Brook, wondering and trying so hard to wait for them to come? Do not wait; go on as always before, rushing madly, joyously over the moss-covered rocks on your way to the river. They will be back, Little Brook — back once more to sit on your green, mossy banks and listen to your heavenly music so soothing to their weary souls. They will be back once more to take the speckled trout from your pools. So rush on singing, Little Brook, for that is the way they dream of you and will want to find you on their return.



MARION HOWARD

Glen Ellis Falls

Just now they have a bigger and more serious job to do. Some of the boys you are trying so hard to wait for are in far-away Alaska, Australia, Africa, on the sea, under the sea and in the air. Others are on the home front in big factories, in industrial work and on farms — too busy this year to come to you. But rush on, Little Brook, keep singing as they are dreaming of your doing joyously. So may they find you when they come to spend one more long, happy, restful day with you, staying until the thrush sings good-night to the sun. They will be back!



WINSTON POTE

An old well-sweep at Jackson. Giant Stairs and Montalban Ridge in distance

GLASS MAKING IN N. H.

by Frank Cushing Allen

GLASSMAKING was an industry that received much encouragement from the state government of New Hampshire. We find frequent references in early histories that founders of such factories were given exemption from taxation, usually for five years, for specified valuation, depending upon size of business and hands employed.

One of these firms was that of Schoolcraft and Sprague, Keene, N. H. Their principal output was a miscellaneous line of flasks, bottles and window glass.

At an interesting country auction I was fortunate enough to become the possessor of a Masonic Bottle made by this firm. It is a beautiful piece, decorated with many of the symbols of this Fraternity and presented to the Old Colony Lodge A. F. and A. M. of Hingham, Mass. on the 150th anniversary of the granting of the charter to that lodge.

Mr. Schoolcraft decided to withdraw from this business in 1818 and seek more promising fields for his activities in Ohio.

In the town of Cornish, in the Connecticut valley there lived a recently widowed mother of a ten-year-old son. Financially unable to give this son the education she desired him to have and learning of the contemplated journey of Mr. Schoolcraft she arranged for him to take the boy to Ohio and place him with his uncle Philander Chase, who was the Episcopal Bishop of that state.

The wisdom of this step by this mother will be recognized when we tell you the boy was Salmon Portland Chase who became the Secretary of the Treasury in the cabinet of Abraham Lincoln and was later appointed by that President Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

IN THE YEAR 1773, a Peterborough man was detected in stealing, and was brought before Col. Kidder . . . and the man was pronounced guilty. As there was no jail in the Province nearer than Portsmouth, corporeal punishment was much more convenient for all parties, than a long journey and imprisonment. The Colonel, therefore, sentenced him to receive forty lashes save one. . . . Tradition says that he bore it (the lashing) with great philosophy, and after it was over, soothed his smart in a refreshing glass of rum; and the "Peterborough folks" finished the afternoon in dancing on the green to some of their national Scotch airs, the late convict officiating as musician. — *From History of New Ipswich, 1852.*

FRONT COVER: Apple blossoms on Putney Hill from kodachrome by Fred W. Davis.

BACK COVER: The town house at Fitzwilliam. Photo by Harold Orne.

We are indebted to the Rumford Press for the loan of the color plates used on the front cover of this, and also the April, issue.

BOOKS

Crossing and Recrossing the Connecticut River, a description of the various highway crossings of the river with some history along the way, by the late Charles W. Whittlesey, has been re-issued in very limited edition, bound in boards. Its 60 illustrations show every highway bridge over the river. Mrs. C. W. Whittlesey, 438 Humphrey Street, New Haven, Connecticut, $1.25.

Granite Ledges, a second book of poems by William Plumer Fowler of Little Boar's Head, New Hampshire, has just been issued. Dr. Curtis Hidden Page writes, "*Granite Ledges* proves that Mr. Fowler is not a one-book poet. It shows clear advance over his previous fine volume, in technique and range of subject. . . . Congratulations to a real poet."

From it we quote the following because it is so distinctively New England in May:

LILACS

Wine-purple are the lilac flowers,
And Heavenly sweet the air! . . .
In May's bright sun and gentle showers
Wine-purple are the lilac flowers
That thrill New England's waking hours
While lilacs bloom aflare! . . .
Wine-purple are the lilac flowers,
And Heavenly sweet the air!

Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston, $1.50.

"Belknap, in his history of New Hampshire, in speaking of the . . . laws of the colonies, existing at that date (1642), says: "The drinking of healths and the use of tobacco were forbidden. . . . It was ordered that women's sleeves should reach down to their wrists, and that their gowns should be closed around their necks. Men were obliged to cut short their hair, that they might not resemble women. No person not worth two hundred pounds was allowed to wear gold or silver lace, or silk hoods and scarfs."

"The State House of New Hampshire, 1943" has been issued by the State Senate in conjunction with this department to commemorate the new furniture and decorations of the Senate Chamber, including four murals by our New Hampshire artist, Barry Faulkner of Keene. The speeches by Governor Blood and the artist at the dedication exercises are given in full. Free copy on application to this office.

"IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE . . ."

"Didn't see yer at 'Farmers' Night meeting'," remarked one farmer to another he met on the street.

"Nope, didn't git to go," replied the other. "Good meetin'?"

"Pretty fair of its kind."

"Vittles good?"

"Yes, everythin' considered."

"How was the speakin'?"

Looking furtively over his shoulder, and lowering his voice, the farmer who attended the meeting confided: "To tell yer the truth, I'd most a felt I was wastin' my time if I hadn't of been settin' down."

> "We who are alive today did not make our free institutions. We got them from the men of the past, and we hold them in trust for the future."
> — STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

Many New Hampshire boys who are in the armed services report a great interest among the soldiers in the ownership of a small New Hampshire farm after the war is over. A similar interest among civilians is reported by real estate dealers. Our real estate information service is available to anyone interested in New Hampshire real estate.

Vaccination.

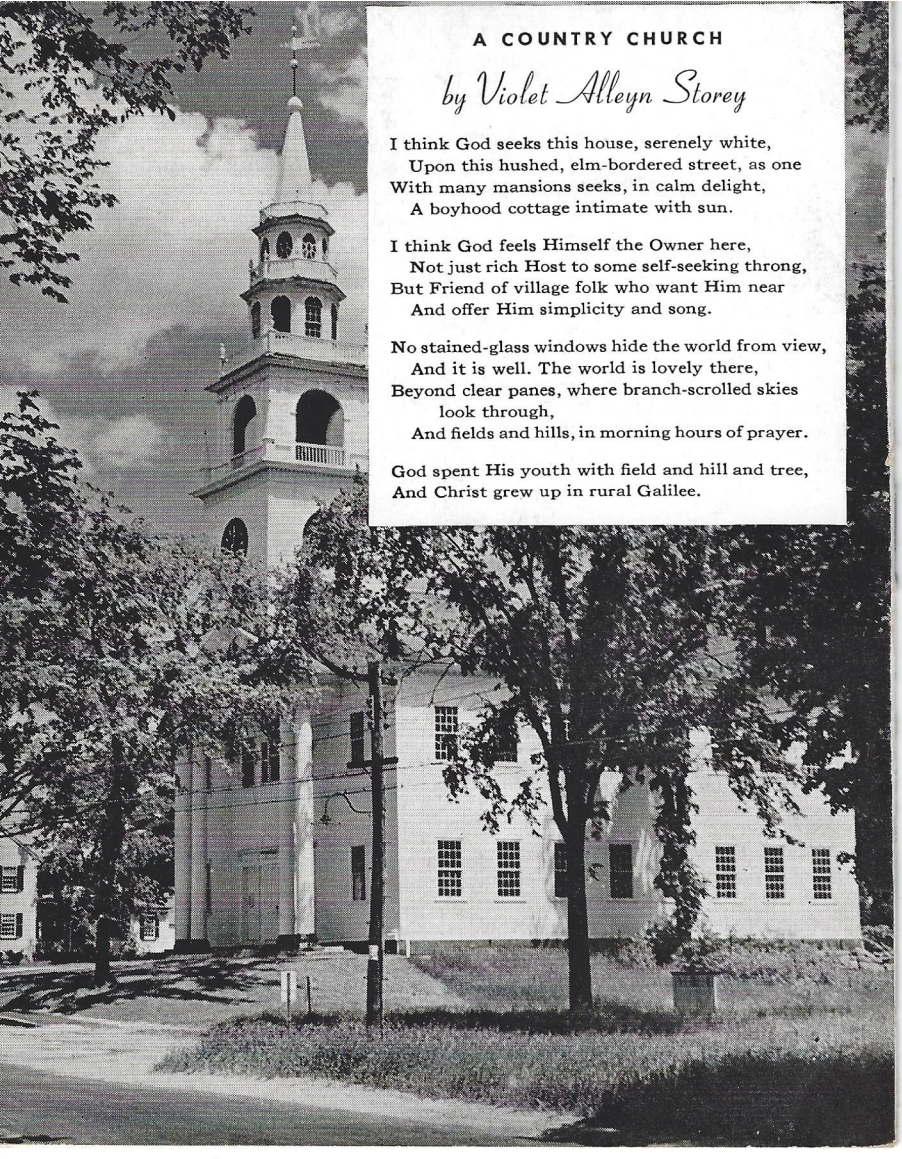
Voted, in 1840, not to employ a physician to vaccinate all the people in town who are willing.

Pleuro-Pneumonia.

The people were greatly frightened about it in 1860: "Voted: that no person shall drive cattle into town, or through it, without a certificate of the selectmen of the town they came from that the cattle did not have it."

— *History of Weare*, by William Little

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD, N. H.



A COUNTRY CHURCH

by Violet Alleyn Storey

I think God seeks this house, serenely white,
Upon this hushed, elm-bordered street, as one
With many mansions seeks, in calm delight,
A boyhood cottage intimate with sun.

I think God feels Himself the Owner here,
Not just rich Host to some self-seeking throng,
But Friend of village folk who want Him near
And offer Him simplicity and song.

No stained-glass windows hide the world from view,
And it is well. The world is lovely there,
Beyond clear panes, where branch-scrolled skies
look through,
And fields and hills, in morning hours of prayer.

God spent His youth with field and hill and tree,
And Christ grew up in rural Galilee.